"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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IDLE HANDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

MR. THORNTON returned home at his usual midday hour, and as he passed by the parlour door he saw his daughter, a young lady of nineteen, lounging on the sofa with a book in her hand. The whirr of his wife's sewing machine struck on his ear at the same moment. Without pausing at the parlour door, he kept on to the room from which came the sound of industry.

Mrs. Thornton did not observe the entrance of her husband. She was bending close down over her work, and the noise of her machine was louder than his footsteps on the floor. Mr. Thornton stood looking at her for some time without speaking.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the tired woman, letting her foot rest upon the treadle and straightening herself up, "this pain in my side is almost beyond endurance."

"Then why do you sit killing yourself there?" said Mr. Thornton.

Mr. Thornton's aspect was unusually sober.

"What's the matter? Why do you look so serious?" asked his wife.

"Has anything gone wrong?" Mrs. Thornton's countenance grew slightly troubled. Things had gone wrong in her husband's business more than once, and she had learned the occurrence of disaster.

"Things are wrong all the time," he replied, in some impatience of manner.

"In your business?" Mrs. Thornton spoke a little faintly.

"No, nothing especially out of the way there, but it is all wrong at home."

"I don't understand you, Harvey—what is wrong at home, pray?"

"Wrong for you to sit, in pain and exhaustion, over that sewing machine, while an idle daughter lounges over a novel in the parlour. That's what I wished to say."

"It isn't Effie's fault. She often asks to help me. But I can't see the child put down to household drudgery. Her time will come soon enough. Let her have a little ease and comfort while she may."

"If we said that of our sons," replied Mr. Thornton, "and acted on the word, what efficient men they would make for life's trials and duties!"

"You are wrong in this thing—all wrong," continued the husband. "And if Effie is a right-minded girl she will have more true enjoyment in the consciousness that she is lightening her mother's burdens than it is possible to obtain from the finest novel ever written. Excitement for the imagination is no substitute for that deep peace of mind that ever accompanies and succeeds the right discharge of daily duties. It is a poor compliment to Effie's moral sense to suppose that she can be content to sit with idle hands, or to employ them in light frivolities, while her mother is worn down with toil beyond her strength. Hester, it must not be!"

"And it shall not be!" said a quick firm voice.

Mr. Thornton and his wife started, and turned to the speaker, who had entered the room unobserved, and been a listener to nearly all the conversation we have recorded.

"It shall not be!" And Effie came and stood by Mr. Thornton. Her face was crimson; her eyes flooded with tears, through which light was flashing; her form drawn up erectly; her manner resolute.

"It isn't all my fault," she said, as she laid her hand on her father's arm. "I've asked mother a great many times to let me

help her, but she always puts me off, and says it's easier to do a thing herself than to show another. Maybe I am a little dull—but every one has to learn, you know. Mother didn't get her hand in fairly with that sewing machine for two or three weeks ; I am certain it wouldn't take me any longer. If she'd only teach me how to use it I could help her a great deal. And, indeed, father, I am willing."

"Spoken in right spirit, my daughter," said Mr. Thornton, approvingly. "Girls should be as usefully employed as boys, and in the very things most likely to be required of them when they become woman in the responsible positions of wives and mothers. Depend upon it, Effie, an idle girlhood is not the way to a cheerful womanhood. Learn and do now the things that will be required of you in after years, and then you will have acquired facility. Habit and skill will make easy what might come hard and be felt as very burdensome."

"And you would have her abandon all self-improvement," said Mrs. Thornton. "Give up music, reading, society—"

"There are," said Mr. Thornton, as his wife paused for another word, "some fifteen or sixteen hours of each day, in which mind or hands should be rightly employed. Now, let us see how Effie is spending these long and ever recurring periods of time. Come, my daughter, sit down; we have this subject fairly before us. It is one of great importance to you, and should be well considered. How is it in regard to the employment of your time? Take yesterday, for instance. The records of the work of a day will help us to get toward the result after which we are now searching.

Effie sat down, and Mr. Thornton drew a chair in front of his wife and daughter.

"Take yesterday, for instance," said the father, "how was it spent? you rose at seven, I think ?"

"Yes, father, I came down just as the breakfast bell was rung," replied Effie.

"And your mother was up at half-past five, I know, and complained of feeling so weak that she could hardly dress herself. But, for all this, she was at work until breakfast time. Now, if you had risen at six, and shared your mother's work until seven, you would have taken an hour from her day's burdens, and certainly lost nothing from your music, self-improvement, or social intercourse. How was it after breakfast ? How was the morning spent ?"

"I practised an hour on the piano after breakfast."

"So far so good. What then ?"

"I read the 'Cavalier' till eleven o'clock."

Mr. Thornton shook his head, and asked :

"After eleven, how was the time spent ?"

"I dressed myself and went out a little after twelve o'clock."

"An hour was spent in dressing ?"

"Yes, father."

"Where did you go ?"

"Called on Helen Boyd."

"And came home just in time for dinner. I think I met you at the door ?"

"Yes father."

"How was it after dinner ?"

"I slept from three until five, and then took a bath and dressed myself. From six until tea-time I sat in the parlour window."

"And after tea ?"

"Read the 'Cavalier' until I went to bed."

"At what hour ?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"Now we can make up the account," said Mr. Thornton. "You rose at seven and retired at eleven—sixteen hours. And from your own account of the day, but a single hour was spent in anything useful, that was the hour at the piano. Now your mother was up at half-past five, and went to bed, from her sheer inability to sit at her work any longer, at half-past nine. Sixteen hours for her also. How much reading did you do in that time ?"

And Mr. Thornton looked at his wife.

"Don't talk to me of reading ! I've no time to read," Mrs. Thornton answered a little impatiently. The contrast of her daughter's idle hours with her own life of exhausting toil did not affect her mind very pleasantly.

"And yet," said Mr. Thornton, "you were always fond of reading, and I can remember when no day went by without an hour or two passed with your books. And did you lie down after dinner ?"

"Of course not."

"And didn't you take a pleasant walk ? Nor sit at the parlour window with Effie. How about that ?"

There was no reply.

"Now, the case is a very plain one," continued Mr. Thornton. "In fact, nothing could be plainer. You spend from fourteen to sixteen hours in hard work, while Effie, taking yesterday as a sample, spends about the same time in what is little better than idleness. Suppose a new adjustment were to take place, and Effie were to be usefully employed in helping you eight hours of each day, she would have eight hours left for self-improvement and recreation; and you, relieved from your present over-tasked condition, might get back a portion of your health and spirits, of which these too heavy household duties have robbed you."

"Father," said Effie, speaking through her tears that were falling from her face, "I never saw things in this light. Why havn't you talked to me before? I have often felt as if I would like to help her; she says, that 'You can't do it, I would rather do it myself.' Indeed it is not all my fault!"

"It may not have been in the past, Effie," replied Mr. Thornton. "But it certainly will be in the future, unless there is a new arrangement of things. It is a false social sentiment that lets daughters become idlers, while mothers, fathers, and sons take up the daily burden of work and bear it through all business hours."

Mrs. Thornton did not come gracefully into the order of things proposed by her husband and accepted by Effie. False pride in her daughter, that future lady ideal, and an inclination to do herself than take the trouble to teach another were all so many impediments. But Effie and her father were both in earnest, and it was not long before the overtasked mother's weary face begun to lose its look of weariness, and her languid frame to come up to an erect bearing. She could find time for the old pleasure in books, now and then for a healthy walk in the street, and a call on some valued friend.

And was Effie the worse for this change? Did the burden she was sharing with her mother depress her shoulders, and take the lightness from her step? Not so. The languor engendered by sickness which had commenced to show itself disappeared in a few weeks; the colour came warmer into her cheeks; her eyes gained in brightness. She was growing, in fact, more beautiful, for her mind, cheerfully conscious of duty, was moulding every lineament of her countenance into a new expression.

Did self-improvement stop? O, no! From one to two hours were given to close practice at the piano every day. Her mind, becoming vigorous in tone, instead of enervated by idleness, chose a better order of reading than had been indulged before, and she was growing towards a thoughtful, cultivated, intelligent womanhood. She also found time, amid her home duties, for an hour twice a week with a German teacher; and she began, also, to cultivate a natural taste for drawing. Now that she was employing her hours usefully, it is wonderful how much time she had at her disposal for useful work.

ARE WE WRONG?

Is it wrong that the beauty,
The gladness and song
Of earth grows so precious—
Dear God, is it wrong?

If seeking the right
As we journey along,
We're human and loving—
Dear Lord, is it wrong?

This helping, and holding
A faith in our kind,
With an ear for the deaf,
And an eye for the blind;

This bidding our brother
Be happy and strong;
Hope for humanity—
Lord! Is it wrong?

Delight in all blessings,
Thy love may dispense;
A worship of truth,
And a scorn of pretence;

This star-love at night time,
This basking by day,
This child-soul within us,
This giant at bay—

The strange, varied natures
That ever belong
To thy children, O Father!—
Are all of them wrong?

The earth-glow of labour,
And pride in the hour—
Knowing our heritage,
Trusting for dower;

Faith in thy presence,
Abiding and strong—
Great Father above us!
These cannot be wrong?

This yearning for better,
This cry for the light,
This prayer still unanswered,
Lord, is it not right?

We are thine, thou hast made us,
For sigh and for song;
And nothing thou makest
Is ever made wrong.

THE PRIEST PLAGUE.

When our holy religion was first instituted,—when Christianity commenced its divine career—the priests of that age, both Jewish and Pagan, set themselves against it: openly and decidedly they opposed the first throbs of its existence, and were accessory to the death of its founder. The brave apostles of religious truth, the first promoters of a system of religion, without priest or ritual, were, like their master, hunted down and persecuted by the then established priesthoods of the East. This is a fact so patent, we need not stop to advance one word of proof. Christianity exposed the weakness of the prevailing religions, and won the victory over them; and then the spirit of priestism took up its abode in a Church that had battled with this terrible foe of the true spiritual interests of men. Since then the priest-plague has troubled the Christian Church. The true doctrines of our religion have been corrupted, the liberties of the people have been impaired, and ages of darkness and sad superstition have resulted from this disease. Something has been done during the last three hundred years to restore primitive Christianity, and to redress the grievances the laymen have borne; but now again the priests are taking counsel at Rome, and in England, and in America, how they can reimpose more widely the yoke of bondage and gain the territory they have recently lost. We must all be on the alert, and expose the pretensions and craftiness of this class, if we wish to aid the cause of true religion and the better life of the world. We can scarcely expect to save those deluded men (priests) from the amazing impertinence and the ridiculous assumptions into which they have fallen, but we may protect our families from becoming the victims of their follies.

We naturally ask, what is there in this class of ecclesiastics on which they base so much authority over men's souls? There is nothing superior in body or mind. The heavenly Father has made us equal. Whatever differences of talent or disposition may be found among us, no particular class can boast of natural advantage. There is nothing in the past history of priesthood which show their superior wisdom or service to mankind. They have not been the pioneers of the useful changes which have blest the world. Often they have been, as in the days of Christ, the opponents of progress and the persecutors of reformers. They are never on the side of the people, or any popular movement. They are now trying to throw back education in America and Ireland, and they are the enemies of the best statesmen on the continent of Europe. They have sorely troubled Mexico, and held South America in a state of semi-barbarism. Their assumption and their usefulness have been in the inverse ratio with each other. Even the English priests, with all their opportunities, have not been on the side of the changes which have brought about a better state of society. No priesthood can lay claim to any reform. They have no special advantages of nature, and they have no history to render them any honour. They are the subjects of the same weakness and sins as other men. Their class feeling has sadly injured their usefulness. There is nothing in the New Testament on which they can safely rest their pretensions. If they fall back on the family of Levites and the Mosaic ordinances, they choose a weak position, for then their forerunners were among the men who called loudest for the death of Christ and the extinction of Christianity. Our Saviour did not ask of the house of Levi for disciples and apostles. He sent out the sons of those who had no blood of the priests in their veins. Fishermen, carpenters, and taxgatherers—the common people—were the first successful missionaries of the glorious Gospel. It is to us a matter of wonder how any class of men, and chiefly the professed ministers of Christ, can assume such airs of importance in the Church. The Head of the Church said that "We are all brethren." Our distinction has to be only that of the service of love to one another. And yet a number of functionaries have usurped authority and rule over the heritage of God. This is the plague of which we justly complain. Sometimes the priesthood deplores the state of the world, and lays all the sin at the door of those who do not yield allegiance to their pretensions. As an experiment of the service they render our race where they have held absolute power for ages, we may refer to Italy. We have a letter before us from Dr. Holland, and it is corroborated by a thousand witnesses who have resided in that country, so long favoured with the rule of the priests. He says:—

"Of the twenty-one millions who compose the kingdom of Italy, seventeen millions do not know their alphabet; and as the Neapolitans and southern Italians are the most ignorant portion, you can judge how small the number of educated persons is. 'Of course these people have been forsaken by the priests, and have enjoyed no Christian privileges.' Do you think so? There are six thousand Roman Catholic priests in Naples, and three hundred churches; and a better dressed, better looking set of ecclesiastics than one sees in Naples, he will not see any where else. Passing one day through but little more than half the principal business streets called 'The Toledo,' two ladies in my carriage counted upon the two sidewalks more than one hundred and fifty priests and ecclesiastics of various sorts, and that without meeting or seeing a procession. Naples is devoured by priests, and has been for centuries; and it is an everlasting shame and disgrace to the Catholic Church that they have done nothing for a people from whom they have drawn the means to build a city full of churches, and to educate and support such an army of priests as are not to be found in any other city but Rome. There are five thousand priests and ecclesiastics of various orders in Naples, who are of no earthly or heavenly use to any body. They teach nobody, they produce nothing, they live upon the ignorance and superstition of the people. They go through their ceremonies in their splendid churches, in the presence of a dozen beggars and a few strangers, when the whole city is in want of the rudiments of a common education, and the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Gospel is not 'preached to the poor.' Naples, dirty, vicious, poor, and ignorant, is just what the Catholic priesthood of Naples has made it, or permits it to be. Who wonders that the priests are the first to run and hide in all the revolutions that take place in these Catholic countries? I should think they would hide from the awful work they have done upon the people; and from the people's indignation over sacred trusts betrayed. I hesitate to tell you the stories told to me in Naples concerning the vices of the priests—the trouble they make in families, their abuses of the confessional, their ruptures of the restraints imposed upon them by their vows of chastity. It is hard to get at the exact truth in the matter, but I can state on the authority of a resident physician, that one prison of Naples, in which are confined the incurable criminals—the most desperate and dangerous men of the city—is nearly filled by priests."

As we protect ourselves against a foreign plague, as we are alert to keep out of our homes any serious malady, let us all try to save our families and our country from the plague of priests. This is not done by ignoring religion, but by the faithful observance of the doctrines and duties taught and exemplified in the life of Jesus Christ.

MORE WORLDS THAN ONE.

It was a heresy, punished by death, a few centuries ago to believe that the opposite side of this globe was inhabited: and within the memory of persons now living the belief that the planets were possibly inhabited worlds was regarded as savouring of infidelity. The eloquent discourses of Dr. Chalmers on Astronomy helped to lessen the apprehensions of our orthodox friends, and to reconcile them to the thought that they might believe in a plurality of inhabited worlds without sacrificing their religious views. Dr. Brewster, and also Dr. Dick, prepared the way for a more general reception of this theory, so that to-day we have not to contend with the religious difficulty, but candidly examine all that scientific men advance for this very probable theory. They hold that the immense magnitude of the heavenly bodies, the planetary system alone, presents a surface four hundred times greater than the surface of this globe, and affords a fair ground for believing that eternal silence and solitude do not prevail among those worlds, that it is not likely that all this space is mere barrenness and waste. Recent discoveries of the spectrum analysis reveal to us the fact that the heavenly bodies are similar in their substance to the earth on which we live. They are solid bodies, diversified by mountain and vale, and probably by land and water, day and night, and the various seasons. There are many similarities to this globe among the planets; in fact we are one family of worlds, some of less and some of greater importance. We know that those planets are provided with moons to cheer the winter nights. The

august scenery of the heavens from some of these globes does immensely transcend anything we can observe from our earth. Is it possible that all that beauty enchants no eye and cheers no heart! For ages on ages sunshine and shower have fallen on those planets, and unquestionably a rich soil and an abundant vegetable life prevails on thousands of mountain sides. Nor can we doubt there abounds all the adaptations for sensitive and rational beings. It does appear to us that matter is called into being to form the basis on which life in its varied forms may play its useful part. Everywhere on this planet life has and does teem; lower forms have perished and higher have been created; and man at last, the head of all, has been called forth, and possibly at some future time shall bind together the interests of the different beings of different worlds. Addison, in his day, was pleased with the thought that after death he might enjoy the traversing of space, and the delight of visiting those heavenly abodes, and of seeing more clearly the lustre of those shining worlds. This may be so, and the point of deepest interest will then be the kind of creatures, the nature and pursuits of the various inhabitants of those unnumbered orbs that fill the arch of space. It is literally impossible for any thoughtful person to believe that those immense worlds, which astronomical science reveals to us, are only where they are for the purpose of appearing to us as points of light. Formed by the same divine hand, adapted by the same divine skill, directed by the same wisdom, and blessed by the same fruitful benevolence, it is natural to conclude they are the spheres of life, of knowledge, enjoyment, and of worship. And this introduces another thought: how infinite must be the scale of being among those worlds? Here even, on this globe, how immense the span between a worm and man; still more immense and wondrous must be the links between man and God. No wonder that a divine revelation speaks of angels and archangels in the presence of God. Science forces upon our thought all these probabilities, and here again we find how science and religion are as one. Some are inclined to think the Bible itself gives us assurance that the planets or stars are inhabited; this we do not admit; but neither the Bible nor religion are opposed to the views set forth in the above.

THE CITY OF SOMEWHERE.

BY M. J. S. UPSHER.

THE beautiful city of Somewhere
Is all a blaze of the sun,
Its thousand thousand pinnacles
Are of crystal every one.
And they gleam like inverted icicles
That the daylight shines upon.
Its pavements are pearl, and its gates are gold,
And Night never visits there;
And its gem-capp'd towers and jewelled domes
Tint all the surrounding air.

Ho! for the city of Somewhere,
Over the magic sea!
Bear on, life-bark, upon perfumed tides—
The rain-bow land for me!

In the beautiful city of Somewhere
Men never fade nor grow old,
Beauty is beauty for ever,
Hearts never fail nor grow cold.
Kind words only are spoken—
Soothing, and soft, and low
As the wind sighing over Æolian harps.
Wherever the light winds blow

Over the city of Somewhere—
Over the magic sea.
Bear on, merry bark, o'er the perfum'd tide,
Win that rainbow-land for me!

In the beautiful city of Somewhere,
Song-birds are pluming their wings,
And the torquoise-tinted atmosphere
To its deepest concave rings.
And on its way to the deep-bass sea
The tenor river sings.
No touch of olden master,
No solemn and saintly choir,
With hymn from dim cathedral aisle
Could rapture like this inspire—
This choral strain from Somewhere
Wafted over the sea.

Ho! for the city of Somewhere
Jewelled and flowery land!
Drift on, drift on, O fairy fleet
In sight of the rainbow strand!
Admiral Hope commander,
And his first officer Youth,
Over so fair and sunny a sea
None ever sailed to his ruth.

O golden boat and silver sea,
And sails of satiny sheen,
O milk-white sails and ivory oars,
Ye will bear me well, I ween!
Our odorous masts are of sandal wood,
And up at the peak they hold
A pennant bearing the city's sign,—
An anchor broidered in gold.

In the silent city of Somewhere,
Marble-white tenements gleam,
And sombre sentinel cypresses
Hinder the warm day-beam.
'Tis a city of flower-crowned altars—
Love likes to have it so,
But as well offer gifts to Vishnu
As to those who are lying below.
In the silent city of Somewhere,
Though joyless and sunless it seems,
Though far from its earthy chambers
Flies even the Spirit of Dreams,

There is many a gallant voyager
Who sailed for the beautiful shore,
The ever receding shore,
Who with weary heart and with colours struck
Laid aside the toilsome oar,
Glad to drift in this silent harbour,
To stem the tide no more.

O golden boat and silver sea,
And sails of satiny sheen,
O milk-white sails and ivory oars,
Ye will bear me well, I ween!
Safe to the city of Somewhere,
Over the magic sea!
Bear on, life-bark, upon perfumed tides—
The rainbow-land for me!

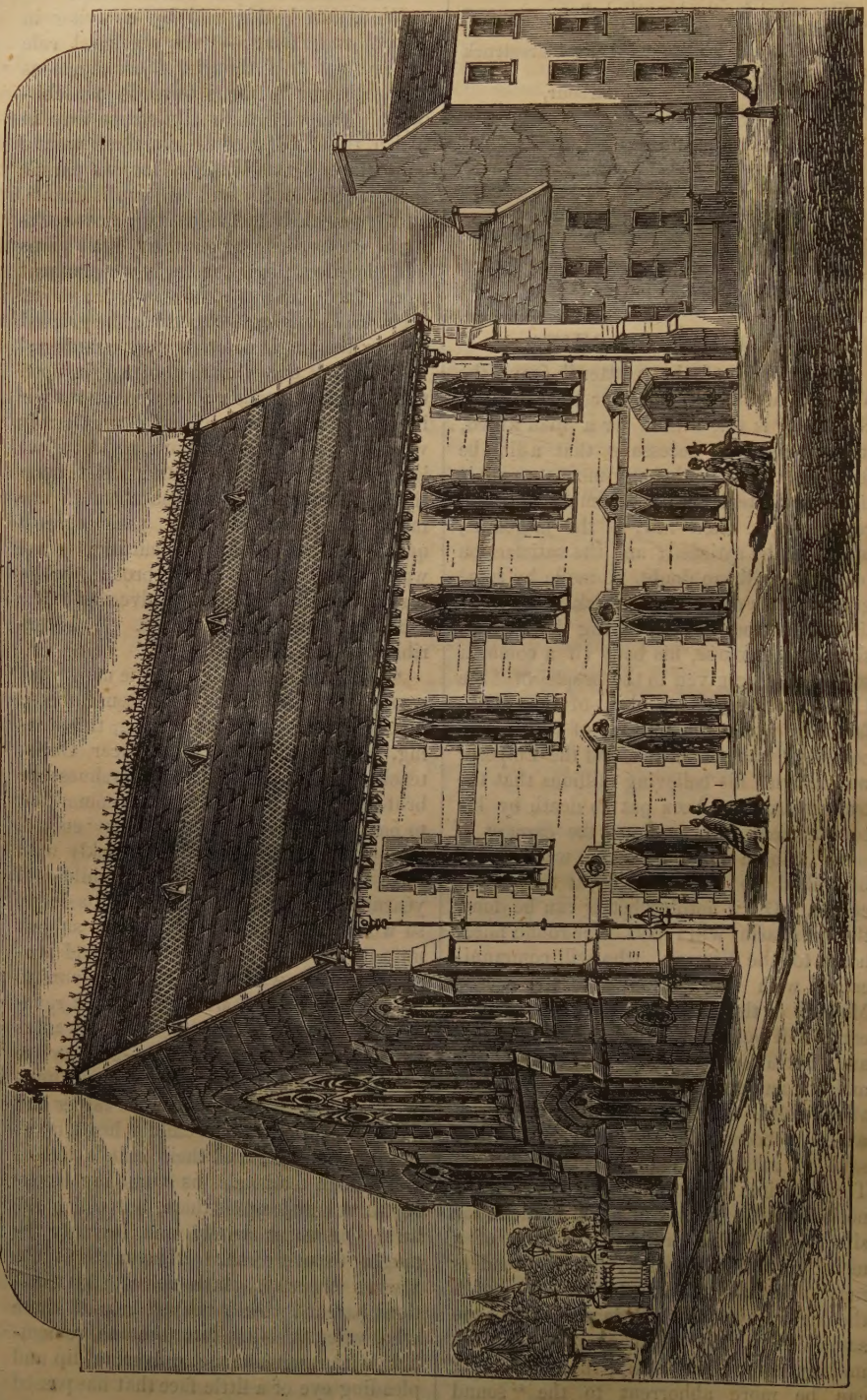
ATONEMENT IN CHINA.

"THE sum of the matter" (says the Viceroy of Canton, his Excellency Jaow Kwang) "is this: that for a man killed, it is absolutely necessary that a life be forfeited. It is not by any means an affair that can be terminated by empty talk and reasoning." Their law, as the jargon is, must still be satisfied; and the satisfaction to justice will, no doubt, be made by some gross fraud or contemptible trick. If an Englishman happens to die during the suspension of intercourse, his body (if a common sailor) will be given to the people of "the Celestial Empire" as that of the malefactor by whom the outrage of which they complain was committed, and the Emperor will inform his believing millions that the transgressor had been put to death by his countrymen. Or, perhaps, the carcase of some Chinese floating on the waters may be picked up and dressed out for the occasion. Or, if nothing better can be done, the mandarins will report some round falsehood to the Viceroy, who will communicate it with due solemnity to the sacred Majesty of the Empire, and this god upon earth will publish the lie to the four winds, and hereafter quote it in proof of his majesty and omnipotence. All this roundabout folly, and this palpable fraud, by which nobody will be deceived, for the sake of satisfaction to imperial justice! To what vices and cruelties does the absurd notions of the efficacy of blood to atone for sins lead? We are now speaking of a mere political deception; but our readers may naturally enough be thinking of a theological system which is made up of the same vanity, and which is put upon the multitude for Christianity, though nothing can be more abhorrent to the "sound mind" of the Gospel of Christ.

COURTESY TO CHILDREN.

WORTHILY is this said by a writer in *Hearth and Home*:—"As a general rule we are not half thoughtful or courteous enough in our manners towards our children. Think of the really coarse way in which the fondest of us sometimes wound our children's sensibilities. How we parade their special traits and accomplishments, and ignore their individuality; how recklessly we break in upon their little plans and pleasures; how carelessly we comment upon their defects; how we laugh at their childish distresses, because the grieved look or the tragic scowl is 'so cunning;' how we visit our vexation of spirit upon their innocent heads; how we resent their inexperience; how needlessly or sharply we deny their little petitions, and how we ignore our 'thank you,' and insist upon theirs; how we jerk or push them in our impatience; how we flout their earnest questions, and deal out cutting, cruel words of 'wholesome reproof,' when perhaps the little heart is quivering under some real or fancied wrong. It is terrible to think of.

"We shall not dwell upon the monstrous wrongs of chastisement too often inflicted upon children—such as beating, threatening, and frightening. The dear Christ teaches no hard lessons of harshness or brute force toward the little ones committed to our care. Even as he was 'subject unto' his parents, returning meekly with them from Jerusalem, while his child-soul yearned to be about his Father's business, so would he have our little ones subject unto us. They are ours to lead and protect, to teach, warm, and cherish; ours to love wisely, to deal with firmly and reverently—mirrors of our example, gleaners of the harvest of home life—not ours to pet, and rebuff, and sacrifice to our hundred weaknesses. Well for the father and mother to whom their child's heart is as a holy of holies; and their child's foibles and human tendencies as stumbling blocks not to vex and upset them, but which the little one must wisely and lovingly be taught to overcome. Heaven bless the always cheerful, gentle-voiced, conscientious parent! And heaven help all those who, when it is too late to atone, remember with anguish the quivering lip and pleading eye of a little face that has passed away!"



DUNDEE UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

DUNDEE UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

THE cause of Unitarian Christianity has been long connected with Dundee. In the time of Priestly and Lindsey there was a congregation in the town. The first minister was the Rev. Thos. Fische Palmer. Mr. Palmer had been a clergyman in the Church of England. In a letter addressed to Mr. W. Christie, of Montrose, author of "Discourses on the Divine Unity," he gave his reasons for leaving the English Church. and wishing to join the Unitarian body. The following extract is worthy of notice in these times. The letter is dated July 14th, 1783, Queen's Col., Cambridge :— "I must begin with telling you that I am, to my sorrow, a clergyman of the Church of England. But, as I think her Liturgy corrupt and anti-christian, and her articles to be not only an injurious violation of the liberty wherewith God and Christ have made me free, but a jumble of absurdity and impiety, I have declined the acceptance of all preferment. I profess myself a zealous worshipper of the only true God, whom *only* to serve, my Teacher and Master said, was the first and greatest of all commandments. But being a member of this University, and fellow of a college, I feel the force of decency and decorum obliging me to attend the daily service of the chapel, while a much more powerful motive obliges me never to go. Yet this is a kind of halting between two opinions, It is unmanly, it is unbecoming of him who is not ashamed of his God, but who thinks it his highest privilege, honour, and happiness to be permitted to be his lowliest servant, and to profess himself so openly." Mr. Palmer spent a short time with Mr. Christie at Montrose, and settled in Dundee about 1790.

In 1793 he was tried for seditious practices, and sentenced to seven years' banishment; he died abroad, he was one of the Scottish political martyrs. His congregation continued to meet together, and under the leadership of a layman the cause was kept alive many years. From time to time ministers were engaged, but from want of funds they could not be maintained. Some few years since the Rev. W. Sharman, then of Aberdeen, under the auspices of the Scottish Unitarian Association, began to give monthly lectures. In 1866 the present minister, the Rev. H. Williamson, was appointed. Mr. Williamson has been eminently successful, and now deserves all the sympathy and support that can be given.

The estimated cost of the building is £1500, including the schools. The building is to be 70ft. by 42ft. over the walls, having a height from the street to the apex of the gable of 52ft. The entrance will be from the north-west corner by a gateway and a broad flight of steps to a porch. The front gable is intended to be broken up by a three-light window and two light-windows, with a buttress on either side, the window beads being filled in with tracery. Nine two-light windows of simple design are to light the church from the sides, and a plain three-light window the east gable. Seats are to be provided for 415, with open bench ends. The schools (two in number) are each 38ft. by 23ft. 6in., and 14ft. high—the committee having kept in view the Government regulations as to height. They will be constructed so as to be thrown into one by means of a sliding door. They will be lighted by complex windows from the north, south, and west. On Saturday, the 12th of March, 1870, the foundation-stone was laid by H. C. Briggs, Esq., Dundee; there were between 500 and 600 persons present.

This ceremony was rendered more interesting than such usually are, from the fact that, a few days before, the religious bigots of Dundee had pelted Mr. Williamson with mud and stones for his faithful service to the Unitarian cause. The Rev. John Page Hopps very properly said, that "the best reply to stone throwing was stone laying."

SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENTS IN FAVOUR OF UNIVERSALISM.

BY THOMAS WHITTEMORE.

1. BECAUSE God is the Creator of all men. "He hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth." Acts xvii. 26. He would not have created intelligent beings had he known they were to be for ever miserable.

2. Because God is the Father of all men. "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us." Mal. ii. 10. A kind father will not punish his children but for their good.

3. Because all men, of right, belong to God. "Behold all souls are mine," saith the Lord. "As the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine" Ezek. xviii. 4. God will not give up what belongeth to him to the dominion of sin and Satan for ever.

4. Because God hath given all things to Christ, as the moral ruler of the world. "The father loveth the son, and hath given all things into his hand." John iii. 35.

5. Because God gave all beings to Christ, that he might save them. "Thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." John xvii. 2.

6. Because it is certain that Christ will save all that the Father hath given him. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and he that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John vi. 37.

7. Because it is the will of God that all men shall be saved. "Who will have all men to be saved, and come unto the knowledge of the truth." I. Tim. ii. 4.

8. Because God inspires the hearts of the good to pray for the salvation of all men, and say, as Jesus said, "Thy will be done." Matt. vi. 10.

9. Because the will of God cannot be resisted. "He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" Dan. iv. 35.

10. Because God is love, and love worketh no ill. "God is love." I. John iv. 8. "Love worketh no ill." Rom. xiii. 10.

11. Because God loves all mankind, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son." John iii. 16; and as Jesus died for all men, so God loves all men.

12. Because God loves even his enemies. For he requires men to love their enemies, which he could not do if he hated his. Matt. v. 44. And Jesus declared, "that he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." Luke vi. 35.

13. Because the pleasure of God is in favour of the salvation of all men; and, therefore, neither death, sin, nor pain can be the ultimate object of God in reference to man. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Ezk. xxxiii. 11.

14. Because God created all men expressly for his pleasure, and therefore not for ultimate death. "Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." Rev. iv. 11.

15. Because God's pleasure shall surely be accomplished. "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Isaiah iv. 11. "I will do all my pleasure. xlvi, 10.

16. Because God hath purposed the salvation of all men. "Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself, that, in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both of which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him." Eph. i. 9, 10. It is evident from this passage that God hath purposed to gather together all things in Christ.

17. Because the purpose of God cannot fail; it must certainly be accomplished. "The Lord of Hosts hath sworn, saying, surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand." Isaiah xiv. 24. "For the Lord of Hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? and His hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back."

18. Because God promised Abraham, his servant, that he would bless all mankind in his seed. "In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Gen. xii. 3. "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." xxii. 18.

19. Because God made the promise to Isaac, "I will perform the oath which I sware unto Abraham thy father; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Gen. xxviii. 3, 4.

20. Because Peter the apostle understood this promise as referring to the salvation of men from sin, by Jesus Christ. "Ye are the children of the prophets, and of the covenant which God made with our fathers, saying unto Abraham, and in thy seed shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed. Unto you first, God having raised up his son Jesus, sent him to bless

you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities." Acts iii. 25, 26.

21. Because the Apostle Paul calls this promise, which was made to Abraham, The Gospel. "And the Scripture foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the Gospel unto Abraham, saying, in thee shall all nations be blessed." Gal. iii. 8.

22. Because God hath confirmed his promise by an oath. See Gen. xxii. 16, 18; Heb. vi. 13. But the most striking passage, perhaps, is this—"I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear; surely shall say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength." Isaiah xlv. 23, 24.

23. Because God is Almighty; nothing can resist his will; nothing can defeat his purpose; nothing can prevent the fulfilment of his promise. What he had promised he was able to perform."

24. Because God not only wills the salvation of all men; not only hath purposed to save them all; not only hath promised it; not only hath confirmed that promise by an oath; but also hath provided the means in the death of Christ for the salvation of all men. Jesus died for all. He gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." I. Tim. ii. 6. "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man." Heb. ii. 9. "And he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." I. John ii. 2.

25, Because the labour of Christ will be efficacious for whom he died. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. John xii. 32.

26. Because when Jesus was born the angel said to the fearful shepherds, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke ii. 10.

27. Because John the beloved disciple of Christ said, "We have seen and do testify that the Father has sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world. I. John iv. 14.

28. Because all the holy prophets have spoken of the restitution of all things, "And he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you; whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began. Acts iii. 20, 11.

29. Because David said, "All the ends of the world shall remember, and turn unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him. Psalms xxii. 27.

30. Because David also said, "All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord, and shall glorify thy name." Psalms lxxxvi. 9.

31. Because David also said, "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever." Psalms ciii. 8, 9. This could not possibly be true if God purposed to make any of his creatures for ever miserable.

32. Because Isaiah represented that there was no sin which might not be pardoned. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isaiah i. 18.

33. Because "the Lord God will wipe away all tears from off all faces." Isaiah xxv. 8.

34. Because Isaiah said, "The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together." Isaiah xl. 5.

35. Because Isaiah represents the Gospel as being completely successful in accomplishing the purpose for which it was sent into the world:—That as the rain and snow come down from heaven, and return not thither, but water the earth, and cause it to bring forth and bud, so shall the word of God be—it shall not return void, but it shall accomplish the divine pleasure, and prosper in the thing for which God sent it." Isaiah lv. 10, 11. Thus all who allow that God sent the Gospel to benefit all mankind, must here see that that beneficent object will be accomplished.

36. Because Isaiah represented Jehovah as saying, "I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth: for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made." lvii. 15.

37. Because Jeremiah bore testimony against the superstition that God will inflict any punishment on his creatures which is not for their good. "The Lord

will not cast off for ever. But though he cause grief, yet he will have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies, for he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." Lam. iii. 31, 33.

38. Because Micah saith of Jehovah, "He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy." vii, 18. A most precious assurance.

39. Because Paul represented the free gift of life as extending equally with sin. "As by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life." Rom. v. 18.

40. Because grace shall abound more than sin, and overcome it, so that at last all shall end in everlasting life. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that sin hath reigned unto death even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. v. 20, 21.

41. Because Paul teaches that the same creature was made subject to vanity, which "shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God." Rom. viii. 21.

42. Because Paul teaches the eventual salvation of both Jews and Gentiles. "Blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in," and so "all Israel shall be saved." Rom. xi. 25, 26.

43. Because Paul saith, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." I. Cor. xv. 22.

44. Because death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed. I. Cor. xv. 26.

45. Because he saith that to Jesus was given "a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Phillip. ii. 9—14.

46. Because it pleased the Father, by his son Jesus, "to reconcile all things unto himself, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven." Col. i. 19, 20.

47. Because "God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ." I. Thes. v. 9.

48. Because Paul directed Timothy to pray and give thanks for all men, which was agreeable to the will of God to "have all men saved," who had appointed a mediator to give himself a "ransom for all." I. Tim. ii. 1—6.

49. Because God is called "the Saviour of all men." I. Tim. iv. 10.

50. Because Christ is to destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the Devil." Heb. ii. 14.

51. Because God never chastens us but "for our profit," causing all chastisement "afterward to yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Heb. xii. 10, 11.

52. Because for this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." I. John iii. 8. Sin is the work of the devil, and will be destroyed; but men are the workmanship of God, and will not be ultimately destroyed.

53. Because John, the Revelator, said, "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Rev. v. 13.

54. Because he furthermore declares, that "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away." Rev. xxi. 4.

55. Because all the threatenings of the word of God, when properly understood, harmonise with the doctrine of Universalism—the punishments spoken of being limited punishments only—and no threatening or law extending sin or its consequences beyond the resurrection.

56. Because Universalism is the only hypothesis in which the perfections of God can harmonise—since if men are lost for ever by God's decree or permission, it impeaches his goodness; if by his neglect or want of foreknowledge, it impeaches his wisdom; or if sin be too mighty for him, and rebels too stubborn for him to subdue, it impeaches his power.

57. Lastly, because "all things shall be subdued unto Christ—Christ shall be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all. I. Cor. xv. 28.

THE SAD END OF A BRAVE BOY.

A LESSON TO PARENTS.

THE following narrative from a gentleman is true in every particular, and ought to leave an indelible impression upon the mind of all persons who read it, be they parents present or prospective.

A few weeks before he wrote he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents.

A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from its birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he, and so generally hearty. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade him going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was but a boy, and boys will be boys, and we ought more frequently to think that it is their nature to be.

One evening this unhappy father came home wearied with a long day's hard labour, and vexed at some disappointments which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy mood of mind his wife entered the apartment and said:—

"Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright! He is covered from head to foot with dock mud, and he is wet as a drowned rat."

"Where is he?" asked the father sternly.

"He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was afraid to come up here when the girl told him you had come."

"Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant," was the brief and only answer to this information.

Presently the poor boy entered, half perished with fear and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morning as the penalty of his offence, and in a harsh voice concluded with, "Now, sir, go to your bed."

"But father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you—"

"Not a word, sir, *go to bed!*"

"I only wanted to say, father, that—"

With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of his hand towards the door, and an ugly frown upon his brow, did that father, without any other speech, again close the door against explanation or expostulation.

When the boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was being prepared, and at the tea-table ate but little. His wife saw the real cause of his emotion, and remarked :—

"I think, my dear, you ought, at least, to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him when he turned away with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy after all, if he does sometimes do wrong. He is a kind-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was."

And therewith the water stood in the eyes of that tender mother, even as it stood in the eyes of Mercy, in the house of the Interpreter, as recorded by Bunyan.

After tea the evening paper was taken up; but there was no news for that father that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful reverie, and then arose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he passed the bed-room where his little boy slept he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. He went to his low cot and bent over him—a big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, and rested upon it; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness, as he gazed upon his son; he felt, also, the sense of duty; yet in the night, talking over the matter with the lad's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing, as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit, in the morning, for the manner in which he repelled all explanation of his offence.

But that morning never came to the poor child in health. He awoke next morning with a raging fever on his brain, and wild with delirium. In forty-eight

hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother, when they first called to his bed-side, nor at any time afterwards. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony did that father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once indeed he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days afterwards the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry hall.

"I was with Henry," said the lad, "when he got into the water. We were playing down at the Long Wharf, Henry, Frank Mumford, and I, and the tide was out very low; and there was a beam run out from the wharf, and Charles got out on it to get a fish-line and hook that hung over where the water was deep, and the first thing we saw, he had slipped off and was struggling in the water. Henry then threw off his cap, and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and, after a great deal of hard work got Charles out, and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was so wet and slippery, and I helped them climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it, for if he did his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry, and all the way home he kept saying, 'What will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish we had not gone to the wharf.'"

"Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the bereaved father; "and this was the explanation I so cruelly refused to hear!" And the hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

Yes! that stern parent now learnt, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault was but an impulse of generous nature, which, forgetful of self, had hazarded his life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavoured to graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

Let me close this story in the very words of that father, and let the lesson be engraved on the hearts of those who read this sketch:—

"Everything I now see that belonged to him reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday, I found some rude pencil sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day, in rummaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock mud, as when he last wore them. (You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object is now most precious to me.) And every morning and evening I pass the ground where my son's voice rang merriest among his playmates. All these things speak to me vividly of his active life, but I cannot—though I have often tried—I cannot recall any other expression of the dear boy's face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh.

"Oh! how careful should we all be in our daily conduct towards those little beings sent us by Providence, that we are not laying up for ourselves the source of many a bitter tear! How cautious that by neither inconsiderate nor cruel word nor look we unjustly grieve their generous feelings! How guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest in a moment of excitement we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime!

UPRIGHT! DOWNRIGHT! OUTRIGHT!

BY J. F. W. WARE.

THREE things I would counsel you to be. The three are vital to the best success of life, to the noblest manhood. You cannot build a strong, reliable character without them. Be *upright*, *downright*, *outright!*

1. BE UPRIGHT! Integrity is that without which no man, whatever his gifts or his position, can make success. Some men think they succeed when they haven't it, but they don't. What they get to is no more success than shoddy is cloth, or glass is diamond. Other people know it, and

they themselves find it out before they die, no matter how high they hold their heads, or how broadly they seem to rule. Integrity is not a showy thing, and gets set aside, as too many substantial things do, but it endures, and is capital when everything else is swept away. Young men do not know how important at the start it is, because they see older people thinking so little about it, recommending it so little by example. A great many other things get the emphasis. You don't catch it from the world about you that the great thing in business is to be upright, but the great thing in business is to be rich. The boy enters the shop, and the first article of his faith is not integrity but money. It is not the character of his employer attracts him, but his money. He determines to be rich too, and in becoming rich the chances are very narrow but he will lose something of uprightness, and if the pinch come but he will let the character go if he can save the gold. That is all a mistake, and terribly avenges itself at some time upon him. Let him resolve to be upright, and let the money take care of itself! That isn't mercantile, I know, nor practical some say, nor common sense some suggest, but it is better. It is right. Uprightness is beyond price. It will carry you safe amid the temptations with which all life and every vocation and position in life are full. It will give a charmed life while thousands fall around you. It will stand you in stead when everything else fails. No disaster can eclipse it; but in the wreck and chaos of all else it will stand, and shine as a bright beacon over dark waters, a benison to others, a refuge to yourself. In all your aspirings and gettings aspire after and get that. It won't sell where gold sells, but it will pass where gold never goes.

2. BE DOWNRIGHT! A certain positive resoluteness of character, from which no man can withhold his admiration, which is needed to an entirely manly character, is that known as downrightness. Positive characters the world is very much in need of, though they are not quite popular. A straight up and down man, a man whom you know just where to find, a man as true as steel, a man who has a conviction, states it, stands by it, who can say *no*, and have it mean *no*—he is a very colossus, a tower of strength in himself, a power in society. To be upright is not enough. Many an upright man wants strength. He may be good and yet fragile. You feel his integrity, but you miss power. What you need is to be downright as well, your foot planted, yourself there; the hemisphere going to move, not you.

3. *Upright, downright,* OUTRIGHT! Ah! that third is a brave quality. Isn't it a grand trait? Can you help loving him who has it—better, can you help trusting him? A little rough, perhaps, but nothing behind, nothing kept back, nothing equivocal—a hearty, honest, frank man, who may have faults, but they are of the surface, while the transparent deeps sparkle and overflow in every intercourse of life. Almost am I tempted to say pearl of pearls is this virtue, so great does it seem in itself, so broad in its embrace, so little has the world of it, so much the world needs of it. Either it is a hard thing to get, or men are afraid of it. Otherwise, being so beautiful, so desirable, it couldn't be so rare. I think I would sell all that I have to get it, and in getting it I should feel I had got very near the fount of truth and honour. How very unlike your smooth, conventional, hollow, formal man, such as society honours, your outright man is. Manhood's self is there, a diamond in the rough it may be, but then a diamond! Covet earnestly this grace of outrighteousness. It is going to cost something. The premium of the world is the other way, but the premium of your self-respect is this way. It will prefer, perhaps fawn before, the sycophant and the trimmer. Do you stand square, and what you are, honestly and frankly, fearlessly, always and only avow.

Uprightness, downrightness, outrightness—here are three strands which twisted into one make a strong and reliable character. Leave either out, instead of a strong thing you make a weak one. The first is the more popular, the more generally urged, but the last are just as important, just as truly characterised the Great Exemplar. Character will grow into a grandly substantial thing, when it shall be the evenly woven product of these three virtues, when man shall stand stalwart and inexorable in every manliness and virtue, when there shall be no social or individual cowardice, and no knee bent except to Him whose right it is to receive man's homage.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

SAYING AND DOING.—A bluff old farmer says: "If a man professes to serve the Lord, I like to see him do it when he measures corn, as well as when he hollers glory halleluyar." This remark will apply to more transactions than measuring corn.

IS THIS SO?—A correspondent of the *Christian Leader* notes a decline in Unitarianism in England. "It seems," he says, "too coldly intellectual to meet the spiritual aspirations of the English mind, especially the poor and unlettered sections of society, which accept more favourably a warm, positive theology, however unreasonable may be the basis of its expression, or feeble the logic by which it is sustained."

A BIGOT.—"Methinks I see a bigot whenever I see a man overbearing and positive without knowing why, laying the greatest stress on points of smallest moment, hasty to judge of the conscience, thoughts, and inward views of other men; impatient of reasoning against his own opinions, and choosing them with inclination rather than judgment; an enemy to learning, and attached to mean authorities." This is said by Bishop Berkeley, in reply to the exclamation, "What, a free-thinker and a bigot? Impossible"

THE TRUE FRIEND OF THE POOR.—The poor in London may be born for nothing, educated for nothing, clothed for nothing; they may be put out apprentices for nothing, and have medicine and medical attendance for nothing. The pauper is thus born, nursed, clothed, fed, educated, established, and physicked, all for nothing. He begins a pauper, and dies a pauper, and at the expense of the parish he is provided with shroud, coffin, pall, and burial ground. While this sort of benevolence is needful for present relief, it will never cure the evil. The truest benevolence is that which teaches and strengthens a man to take care of himself. Outside relief will not do this. You must make him a man *within*. This is the Gospel plan; it puts Christ in the soul, and leaves the redeemed soul to struggle its way into goodness and thrift.

A CURE FOR SUPERSTITION.—Miners are known to be a superstitious race. Their superstition, however, is sometimes made a pretext for idleness. There is a recipe for curing this species of the disorder. In some extensive mines in Wales the men frequently saw the devil, and when once he had been seen the men would work no more that day. The evil became serious, for old Beelzebub repeated his visits as often as if he had a design to injure the proprietor. That gentleman at last called his men together, and told them that it was very certain that the devil never appeared to any body who had not deserved to be so terrified, and that, as he was determined to keep no rogues about him, he was resolved to discharge the first man who saw the devil again. The remedy was as efficient as if he had turned a stream of holy water through the mine.

FEAR GOD AND DO YOUR WORK.—Rev. De Witt Talmage has a way of putting things that is often sparkling and forcible. "Let us all go to preaching," he says. "Peter was never a sophomore, nor John a freshman. Harlan Page never heard that a tangent to the parabola bisects the angle formed at the point of contact by a perpendicular to the directrix and a line drawn to the focus. If George Muller should attempt chemical experiments in a philosopher's laboratory, he would soon blow himself up. And hundreds of men, grandly useful, were never struck on Commencement stage by a bouquet, flung from the ladies' gallery. Quick! Let us find our work. You preach a sermon—you give a tract—you hand a flower—you sing a song—you give a crutch to a lame man—you teach the Sabbath class their A B C—you pick a splinter from a child's finger. Do something! Do it now! We will be dead soon!"

DR. CHALMERS said:—"Unless I make religion my great and engrossing concern, I shall be a stranger to all solid peace and enjoyment. I have at times caught a glimpse of the comfort which it yields when I resolve to have no will of my own separate from God. I feel quite assured that this renunciation of self, and entire devotion to God's service, would give a simplicity and grandeur to my existence—would throw an unclouded sunshine over all my ways—would raise me above the cares and provocations of this life—would enhance even my sensible gratifications, and superadd those qualifications of a higher order which constitute the main and essential blessedness of heaven."

NO SUCH PLACE.—On one occasion when the Rev. John Macnaught, of the English Church, drew so vivid a picture of the dark side of Hades that his auditors held their breath while they listened to the fate of the wicked and the frightful torments they had to undergo, the phrase of "hearing a pin drop" might really have been exemplified, for the most intense silence reigned throughout the church. When he had arrived at the climax of his description, and the imaginations of his congregation had become highly excited, the rev. gentleman suddenly stopped, when, leaning his arms on his pulpit desk, he said quietly and colloquially, *more suo*, "There's no such place!" The effect of these words was extraordinary, for the breath suppressed found vent, and it was plain that the weight and terror on many minds had been removed by this assurance that "there was no such *place*."

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